

AN
ODE
In Imitation of *PINDAR*
ON THE
DEATH
OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS
Earl of Ossory

By K. C.

Pindar Olymp. Od. 6.

Ἀνδρῶν δ' ἀρεταί,
ὅτε παρ' ἀνδράσιν, ἔτ' ἐν ναυσὶ κοίλαις
ἤμηναι πολλοὶ ὃ μέ-
μνηται, ἔχλον εἴπαι ποταθῆναι.

LONDON,
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L O N D O N
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AN ODE

ON THE

DEATH

OF THE

Earl of Offory.

I.

What Strains at *Pise*, or *Ismene's* Spring,
 The *Swan* that *often* sung with tuneful breath,
 To his *Æolian* Harp, did sing
 Of God, of Hero, or of Heaven-born King,

With Verses *cheaply* purchased by death:

Or rather (since to a *pious* Hero we,

Just, though *late* Oblations bring)

What Tears the *Muses* Prophet Royal shed

On *Saul's* anointed head,

And thought a *Crown* poor recompence for a *Friend*:

When by a power miraculous he

(The power of *Faith* and *Poetry*)

Upon the Clouds an *Interdict* did lay,

And bid Mount *Gilboa*

To rear his naked Back all parched to the Sky:

Such Numbers *Priestesses* of *fame* inspire,

Such *Offory* does deserve, such *Charles* desire;

Such *Flanders* bloody Plains, and *Mons*, and *British* Seas require.

And ye Poetick Candidates of Fame,

If you would build a lasting Name,

This Subject choose; as the *dark Womb*

Of the old Prophets *Vital Tomb*

Could Life *restore*, so *Offory's*, Life can *give*,

And by his *Genius* many an Age even this *dead Verse* shall *live*.

II.

Then tell, ye Heavenly Sisters, ye can tell,

(For we below

In the dark *Vale of Hearsay* dwell,

And nothing know)

Tell when great *Ossory's* enlarged Shade

Through Heavens *Arch* his *Triumphant Entry* made,

How Noble *Brutus* ancient Race

(To shew peculiar Worth peculiar Grace)

Rose up and offer'd the first place.

Tell how the Sainted *Hero* (whom

The pious Tales of *Fabulous Rome*

Greater to make have almost nothing made)

Embrac'd his Successor; and swear

None worthier did his *Mythic Ensigns* wear.

Tell how the Nymphs that with *soft Silver* Oars

Ply round th' *Ebuds*, and cold *Mona's* Shoars,

Or the Seas *Oracle*, the Mouth of *Thames*,

The noble *Shanons*, or *short Liffy's* Streams,

Their *Guardian* did lament, and tear

Their Sea-green Hair,

This *second* grief to great *Pans* death th' afflicted *Nymphs* did hear.

Bid sad *Juverne* raise a Monument

As *Teneriff* high, wide as her *Isles* extent,

Bid her be sure her Title prove,

Left her pretence as *fabulous* seem as lying *Crete's* to *Jove*.

III.

Nature when first commission'd brisk ad gay,

When the *blest* Earth saluted new-born Day,

And the *World's* Eye, the youthful *Sun*,

Unspotted with *ill* *Sights* his race did run,

Profuse, in Birds and Flowers her art did show,

She painted then the gawdy Bow:

But most in Man, (whom we her *Abstract* call)

She of the *precious* *Stuff* was prodigal:

Her Kings but few removes from *Jove*, her Princes *Hero's* all.

But now (so sparingly that seed th' has sown,

The Soyl spent, or the covetous grown,

Or *Vice* hath spoil'd the *Strain*, or Fate

Hath given the World for desperate)

Sh'hath shrunk the *short* dimensions of a Man,

And to an *Inch* reduc'd our *Span*,

A Number, an inglorious Rout,

Faint shadows of our Ancestors, alas! we *stall* about!

And if by a mighty effort she

Produce to the world *one Ossory*,

(Like *Stars* which in our Hemisphere

Gaz'd at, half known, strait disappear)

So late he enters, so soon quits the Stage,

He leaves a Nation desolate, and quite undoes the Age.

The George
and Garter.

I V.

Early young *Ossory* enter'd *Vertues* race,
Swiftly began, yet still *encreas'd* his pace;
 And when no other Rival he could find,
 Strove with *himself*, and left himself *behind*.
 With *unconfirmed* steps t'his Prince he went
 Into a noble Banishment,
 The *Country* then of all was excellent.
 But sure the Stars and Fortune have
 Small influence on the *vertuous* and the *brave*;
 Ev'n *Poison* turns to *wholesome* meat,
 By *Vertues* strong *digestive* heat.
 The more 'gainst *Hercules* Stepdame *Juno* strove,
 The more she prov'd the *mighty* Seed of *Jove*.
 The Policy of *Tiber* and the *Arne*,
 The Courtship of the *Seine* and *Marne*.
 What *solid serious* the sage *Hebre* hath,
 And *Germany* of *ancient* faith,
 With *British* Gallantry conjoyn'd,
 Did in the *Chymic* Furnace of *his* Mind
 A high *Elixir* make than *each* more *precious* and *refin'd*.

V.

As when the *Annual* Chaos, *Winter*, flies,
 Whilst the *soft* *Pleiades* do mount the Skies,
 And *Philomel* to Western gales does sing
 The *Advent* of the Heaven-born Spring,
 Such joy blest *Charles* did to his Subjects bring.
 Then many a Hero whom no *Storms* could shake,
 Who from his *Sufferings* did new courage take,
Dissolv'd in the *soft* Lap of *Pleasure* lay,
 As Ice, the *Winters* Child, in a warm day
 Is by the *amorous* Sunbeams kiss'd away.
 But not so *Ossory*, *christalliz'd* his Mind
 Fortune adverse did *brave*, *disdain'd* her kind.
 Not *Amoret* to the *Alcove*,
 Or *Park* the *conscious* Mart of Love,
 Not so t' a *Princes* Cabinet with first light,
 Speeds an impeached pale-fac'd *Favourite*,
 As you where honourable *danger* lay,
 And to the *Temple* of high fame did mark the *craggy* way.

V I.

Go, thy winged Chariot, quickly Muse, prepare,
 Lo, a vast Fleet consumes the Eastern Air;
 Her *Creature*, they great *Britains Rights* invade;
 See what returns for Liberty they've made!
 Viperous Brood! but *Vipers* we do find
 Bely'd; Ingratitude's proper to Mankind.
 Embarque i'th' Ship where *Ossory* goes,
 To check the *Parricidal* Foes:
 Not as the Grave *Venetian* takes his way,
 With many a Barge, and many a *Gondola*;
 Whilest painted *Bucentore* in state does move,
 And to the *Adriatic* Maid makes love.
 As *Jove* he comes to th' *Theban* Dame,
 Dreadfully gay with Light'nings pointed flame:
 Unhappy they who to his embraces came,
 One would have thought t'have heard his Cannon roar,
Ætna were torn from the *Trinacrian* Shore;
 And freed *Typhæus* a new War did move
 Against the upper and the nether *Jove*.
 The *Nereids* trembled in their watry Bed,
 In the Isles roots they hid their Head,
 And (like the *Hollanders*) agast from their own *Guardian* fled.

V I I.

But narrow is one Element,
 Compared to a well *form'd* Souls extent;
 Narrow the starry Firmament.
 Fate brings (to keep the *balance* of the Age)
 With *Monsters* equal *Hero's* on the Stage:
 The *Western Sultan* powerful grows,
 A Torrent, all things overflows;
 But *Mons* in bloody Characters his *fatal* limits shows
 You checkt the Monarch in his swift Career,
 Fierce *Luxemburg* wondred, and learn'd to fear;
 Alas! he knew not *Ossory* was there.
 Sad the ripe Harvest of his Fame he yields,
 The Harvest of so many bloody Fields.
 To merit such a Conquerour long he grew
 And gather'd Laurels to be worn by you;
 Cursing just Heaven, dropping with bloody sweat
 The sad remains withdraws of his Defeat,
 And more than all his *Victories* he valew's this *Retreat*.

V I I I.

VIII.

Great Excellence oft proves *dangerous* to a State,
 A *Comet Vertue* that's hung out by *Fate*,
 To it *self* and *others* ruine does create.
 But *silent* he, yet *active* as the Day,
 Born to command, yet willing to obey.
 Nature to him the happy temper gave,
 Curteous he was as *pross'rous Love*,
 Gentle as *Venus* gentlest Dove,
 In fight beyond a fancied *Hero* brave.
 Thou *Virgin Mother-Church*, which now dost ride
 The swelling *Surges* of a *double Tide*,
 Safe only because dash'd on *either* side,
 O what a Friend now in *thy day*
 Hath *Fate* in *Offery* snatch'd away!
 And ye who holy *Friendship* do adore,
 His Equal you will never see, before
 You *Offery* shall in Heaven rejoyne, ne're to be parted *more*.

IX.

Accursed *Feaver*, Deaths *sharp-poisoned Dart*,
 Accursed *Fruit*, accursed *Earth*,
 Which to the fatal Tree gave birth;
 What *Mine* of strange *confusion* have you laid
 In the most *regular* Breast which ere was made!
 Those *Eyes*, from which swift *Lightning* once did part,
 To melt the temper'd Steel, or harder Heart,
 Like *wasting* Meteors now *portend*
 With *blood-shot* Beams his own approaching end.
 The Seat where *Honours Records* lay,
 Where was design'd the fall of *Africa*,
 (Scarce Heavens Decrees more firmly set than they)
 Like *Parchments* in the *Fire* now *shrink* away.
 Those *Purple Waves*, which like the *Nile*
 From his *undiscover'd* Head
 Health and *fresh Honours* on its Soil did shed,
 And bid all *Egypt* smile;
 Now with *Vesuvian* Waves *scorch* all their way,
 And to the *King o'th' Little World* a *Mortal Tribute* pay.

His Heart.

X.

Injustly we do blame the *Sovereign Law*,
Which all things to their proper place does draw.

Full ripe for Heaven he *spurn'd* the Earth,
The *monumental* seat of *miscall'd Birth*.

No Art, no Violence, can controule
(Though on it *Osse* you, and *Pelion* role)
Th'ascending motion of a Heaven-born Soule.
His *Fever* like *Elias* Fiery Carre,
(Whilest the *sad Prophet* mourn him from *afar*)
Kindled his *Funeral Pile* into a *Star*.

Others may praise the Feats of mortal breath,
But I the opportunity of death.

He saw not *popular Fury* threat the Stage,
Nor *Epidemic Madness* seize the Age.

He liv'd not till his *Wreaths* did grow
Wither'd and *pale* upon his *Brow*,

As *Pompey* and great *Scipio*.

Few, Heavens choice Favourites, the priviledge have,
To bring their Fame untainted to their Grave.

Who the *wild passions* knows of human kind,
Fortune and *false Mortality*

This truth will find,

When wanted most, *best* is *happiest* then to die.

FINIS
